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A WORLD DISASTER IN SIGHT.

Reports from the Warsaw front are to the effect that the Poles successfully have resisted the Bolshevik attacks on Warsaw, but with the announcement of this success comes the statement that the Polish command, to shorten the line, has ordered a retreat to the Bug and Brody has been evacuated. Evidence continues to accumulate indicating superior military strength on the side of the red terror and, if it develops the Poles cannot stand against the army of the soviet, soon a crisis will confront not only the Poles but the English and the French. At present internal politics is preventing Great Britain doing anything to stem the tide of the red menace. The labor organizations of England view the soviet government as a victory over the despotism represented by the old order of things in Russia, which ground the plain people into serfdom, and they refuse to give their consent to any move to destroy or restrain the soviet.

The French are disposed to take some action as they see the possibility of the Bolshevik breaking through the buffer state of Poland, joining with the Germans and eventually causing a conflagration which will be most difficult to check.

In his review of the situation, Frank H. Simonds, war historian, says:

"It is now a question as to whether Bolshevism is to be checked at the Oder, the Elbe or the Rhine. Whether the allies of yesterday will fight the battle away from their frontiers or within them."

"The notion that words will avail has been dissipated. The idea that a direct peril can be fought by indirection has been destroyed. We have sought first by dealing with Korniloff, then with Kolchak, Denikin and Yudenitch, to use the large elements in Russia hostile to the reds to defeat them we have sent vast supplies and expended much money. But all of the Russian enemies of Lenin and Trotzky have been irrevocably defeated, all the anti-revolutionary elements, reactionary and moderate alike, have fallen. The attempt to hold the Russian revolution within its own boundaries fails with Poland. The famous cordon sanitaire, stretched from the Gulf of Finland to the Black sea, from Esthonia to Rumania, is a thing of yesterday. Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania have made separate peace with Russia, which means that they have no longer the power to resist and have become mere creatures of the reds, at their mercy, incapable of marching with the western nations. Poland has gone down in ruin and there is left only Rumania."

"But tomorrow Rumania may disappear, too, threatened on the east by the reds, on the north by the Hungarians, who are quite likely to recall Bela Kun and exile Horthy now that Bolshevism is advancing, and by the Bulgarians on the south. Moreover, if Rumania is to be saved the salvation can be achieved only by the immediate dispatch of troops to the Dniester—allied troops, French, British and American, as well as Italian."

"The collapse of Poland resembles precisely the fall of Serbia five years ago, when allied troops, which might have maintained the Danube barrier, were sent to Gallipoli instead, sent upon an impossible adventure, while the Germans, watching their chance, suddenly overwhelmed Serbia and opened their own road to the Golden Horn. It was Gallipoli which led ultimately to the collapse of Russia, cut off from all effective allied support. It is the blunder of Gallipoli which must be remembered now, when we are facing the latest of all its direful consequences."

If the victory won in the world war is to be preserved, it is necessary now to send armies against the Bolsheviks, not await their arrival at the frontiers of the western nations."

THEY'LL WAKE UP.

Dads whose youngsters still are youngsters would do well to consider the time when the kids will find them out.

For a while Dad is a pretty big man; he is the final authority on almost everything.

As Dad is in politics, so are the little folk. Dad even is looked on as an authority on religion—sometimes.

Whatever the question: When in doubt, go to Dad.

Discipline probably is rather easy within limits; the little rascals well know how far they may go, and usually they take care to stay within those bounds, lest Dad's ire be aroused.

Dad is a mighty fellow, all-knowing, all-powerful—for a little time.

If Dad is the right sort, he knows that he is something of a sham, and he can estimate with fair accuracy the extent of his shortcomings, taking steps to make the inevitable showdown less demoralizing than it might be.

Some day the children will awaken to the fact that Dad doesn't know as much as they thought he did and that his anger is futile and feeble.

If it is an utter rout for Dad on that day, it will be small comfort for him to reflect that the new grown-up youngsters will meet their Waterloo, too, in the course of time.

And, anyhow, whose fault will that be?

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE.

No more delightful story of American life, which knows no class and no social barrier, has been recited than that of the picking up by President Wilson of three youngsters and the taking of the "kids" for a ride in the president's automobile.

The boys, ranging in age from 8 to 9 years, had been having a "time" in a swimming hole in Rock Creek park and were on their way out, when the president stopped his car and invited them to be his guests on a "cute" drive, which ended at the homes of the little fellows.

"Hop in," said the president, and they hopped in. Water from tousled heads trickled over three sunburnt faces, and they were told, and dropped on the president's shoes.

Where, other than in the United States, a country which lifted the poverty-stricken Lincoln to the presidency, could you find a democracy that allows the head of the nation to make the children of the poor the object of his devotion?

Where, other than in a nation that is about to select as president one of two men who were newsmen, could you so disregard class distinction as to have the chief magistrate draw close to him in loving attention three little urchins out of a swimming hole?

One of the ever-refreshing poems, recalling boyhood days, is on the old swimming hole. Now it is for some gifted writer to give this new version.

THE WOMEN RULE.

After a visit to the United States, Blasco Ibanez, the famous Spanish author, takes off his hat and bows low to the American woman. He says she is a tremendous influence in America and has so tamed the individual man that he instinctively obeys every command. The American woman, he declares, has trained the American man to suit herself.

There seems to be much of truth in the words of the Spaniard. Note the alacrity with which Harding and Cox and the governors of states are responding to the demand that pressure be brought to bear on the legislators of Tennessee to compel them to ratify the woman suffrage amendment to the constitution.

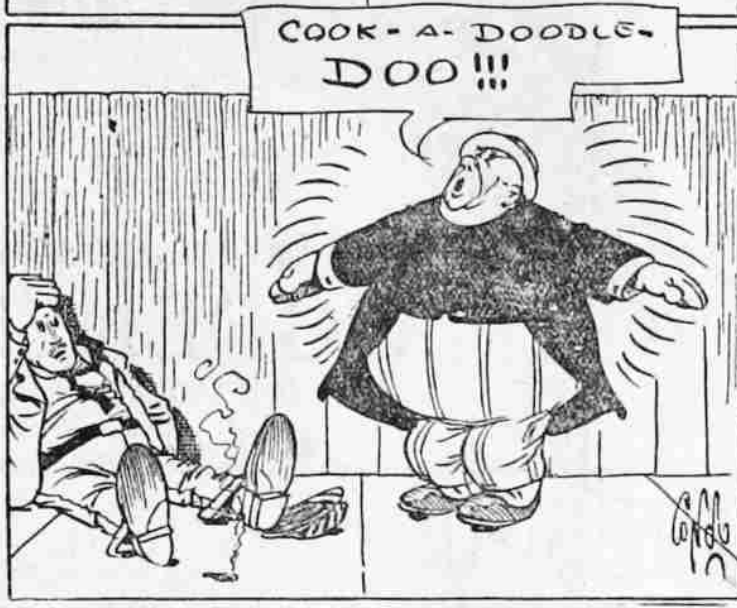
At first the men held back, but as soon as the women grew serious and demanding, the female of the species was obeyed.

Even Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, has been caught by the ear and made to hop along.

Two or three men have rebelled and defied the women, but a horrible example is being made of them.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERET TRUE

LISTEN, EVERETT—HOW GOOD ARE YOU AT FIGURES? IF A HEN AND A HALF LAYS AN EGG AND A HALF IN A DAY AND A HALF, HOW MANY...



THREE WAYS TO GREATNESS

BY DR. JAMES I. VANCE

There are three ways to grow great. There is the method of accretion. There are people who grow as a snowball grows—by what sticks to them. They are great in proportion to their possessions. They are distinguished by reason of their things. It was the method of the rich fool who had so much that he had to increase his storage place. Having done so, he said to his soul: "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years. Take thine ease." But instead of being on Easy Street he was on Judgment Day avenue, for God said to him: "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." He owned everything but his soul. Then there is the method of inflation. There are people who grow as a football grows. They are great in proportion to their self-esteem. They are swollen with conceit, puffed up with hot air. A puncture brings on a fatal collapse. It is people who have achieved greatness by inflation of whom the apostle speaks when he says: "If a man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." It is a laudable way of calling such a man a fool. And so the rich fool with the big barn and the little soul is not the only fool. Then there is the method of evolution. There are people who grow as a tree grows—from within outwards. They are great in proportion to their convictions. They are distinguished not because of what they have, but because of what they are. It is of this way to greatness that the apostle writes when he says: "And to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful." Neither this world nor the next calls the man who is great in this way a fool.

Sister Mary's Kitchen

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.) If children eat a luncheon at 3 or 4 o'clock when attending an afternoon birthday party, their supper at 5:30 is pretty sure to be "spoiled." No party is a party without ice cream and cake but why not precede the desert with a simple nourishing supper that will make the meal unnecessary at home? Creamed dried beef and mashed potato, milk and the inevitable three-colored ice cream and cake provide easily digested nourishing food that certainly won't be disappointing to the kiddies. Serve the supper at 5:30 and the small guests can then reach home in good time for the regular bed time. The next day there will be no upset tummies or uncertain tempers due to too much party. **MENU FOR TOMORROW** Breakfast—Cantaloup, creamed eggs, toast, coffee. Luncheon—Fried tomatoes, cream gravy, baked potatoes, celery, plain cookies, tea. Dinner—Veal cutlets, creamed potatoes, lima beans, head lettuce salad, watermelon cones, coffee. **MY OWN RECIPES** Try serving the salad the very first thing. This custom seems to have originated in the west. A plain salad is especially good to use to start a dinner. The sour French dressing gives one an appetite. **Fried Tomatoes** 2 tomatoes 2 cups flour 1/2 teaspoon salt 1 1/2 cup sour milk 2 teaspoons melted butter 1 teaspoon soda 1 egg Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk. Add well beaten egg. This batter should be quite stiff. Pare and slice tomatoes. Dip in fat to about 1/2 inch in the pan. Arrange tomatoes on a platter and pour over the sauce. **Watermelon Cones** Cut melon in cone-shaped pieces. Dip in a hot heavy syrup. Put in the mold of the ice cream freezer. Pack with salt and ice and let stand four hours. Serve three of four cones on a plate. Money is the root of all evil and most conversation.

LITTLE BENNY'S
Note Book
By LEE PAPE

Rippling Rhymes
By WAIT MASON

THE PARK AVENUE NEWS. Sports. Last Wednesday Reddy Merfy hit Percy Weever on the end of the nose with a rubber band, and Percy told Reddy's mother on him and she gave him a licking, and the next time Reddy Merfy saw Percy he gave him several mixed kicks and punches and told him that 2 rongs don't make a rite. Intriguing Facks about Intriguing People. Lew Davis says he don't care weather he goes to heaven or not, because he don't expect to die for such a long while by that time it will probably be too crowded anyway. **POEM BY SKINNY MARTIN** 3 Cheers for Variety. Why does the weather change so much? For these 4 principal reasons—Spring Summer Autumn and Winter. O hurray for the different seasons!

WOE IN THE WEST. A deadly blight is sweeping along the Western Slope, and men give way to weeping and say farewell to hope. And heartaick wives and daughters beneath those azure skies look out upon the waters with hard and stony eyes. The children, they are waiting, their little bosoms sore, while in the dust they're trailing the toys they use no more. There's moaning in the cabin, there's groaning in the hall; the future's bleak and drab in the eyes of one and all. The daughters of affliction are crouched beneath the stars, and in the choicest diction they cuss their stranded cars. The tourist shakes his talon at heaven with a snort, for when he'd buy a gallon he only gets a quart. In vain the plute is waving his wad of good long green, and futile is his raving—he can't get gasoline. "No gas!" The sign is hanging from stations everywhere, with travelers haranguing the dealers in despair. Talk not of grief or sorrow, of troubles you have seen, till you can't buy or borrow a quart of gasoline! Talk not of fortunes cruel, oh, vain and puffing man, till you can't buy the fuel to push your big sedan! Speak not to me of anguish, of pain of any sort, until you wait and languish two days to get a quart!

HEALTH

BY UNCLE SAM, M. D.

Health Questions Will Be Answered if Sent to Information Bureau, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

DISINFECTANTS

A disinfectant is an agent which destroys the germs or organisms with which it comes in contact. An antiseptic retards the growth of germs but does not necessarily kill them. A deodorant neutralizes offensive odors, but is not necessarily destructive to bacteria.

There are several dependable disinfectants, such as carbolic acid and corrosive sublimate, yet of all known agents of this kind, heat is the most valuable and certain in its action. Heat in some form is always available; it is safe and its expense is a negligible factor. Steam and boiling water are the most practical methods of using heat for disinfecting purposes. Boiling water is best adapted for home use, while steam is employed for public disinfection. In the latter case an apparatus is required which is more or less complicated and expensive.

It should be remembered that articles or material to be disinfected by boiling water must be kept in water which must be constantly boiling for at least five minutes. Simply placing the articles in the boiling water which is allowed to cool does not always insure disinfection. A small amount of lime placed in a receptacle will usually prevent any unpleasant odor during disinfection.

Q. My lips do not close entirely when held naturally. With an effort I can close them, but it is impossible to hold them so for any length of time. It appears that the muscles (I presume it is the muscles) on the right side of my chin draw when I close my lips and disengage the trouble. When I hold the flesh of my chin tightly between my fingers, my lips close easily and without strain, and if I could have something done to those ligaments to prevent the drawing I believe my mouth would look all right.

As it is, it is not a bad disfigurement, as my lips are only apart in the center for about a quarter of an inch, but it spoils my features and I would otherwise be considered attractive. I have heard so much since the war about facial surgery, particularly among the soldiers, and I would go to almost any length to have this condition remedied. If you could give me some helpful advice in regard to the foregoing, it would be greatly appreciated.

A. I do not believe you are on the right track when you consider the advisability of having an operation performed on your face for the cosmetic effect. It is much more probable that your trouble is the result of an untreated nasal obstruction in childhood. This causes a narrowing of the arch of the teeth, and pushes the teeth forward. The condition is well shown in one of our pamphlets entitled "Adonids," which you will be glad to send to you if you will forward your name and address.

Experience has shown that the proper treatment for this, especially if treatment is not too long delayed, consists in forcibly flattening the arch of the teeth. This work is done nowadays by so-called orthodontists. It is suggested that you discuss the matter with your family physician and perhaps with your dentist, and have them advise you.

Q. Is it possible for any one to have syphilis without knowing it?

A. Yes.

AS IT LOOKS TO ME
By THE INSPECTOR

WASHINGTON—George White, new Democratic national chairman, got his first "lesson" in his new job at the hands of Washington newspaper men.

The boys all like George personally—but he had yet to learn, when he came to Washington, that the director of the Democratic campaign, that even persons high in national affairs must remember that the time of other people also is valuable, that the public, as represented by the press, does not wait indefinitely upon the pleasure or convenience of even national party chairmen.

Now if publicity is the breath of life to the average man in politics it is both breath and blood to the manager of a political campaign. His party MUST have publicity. Better criticism and abuse than no mention at all.

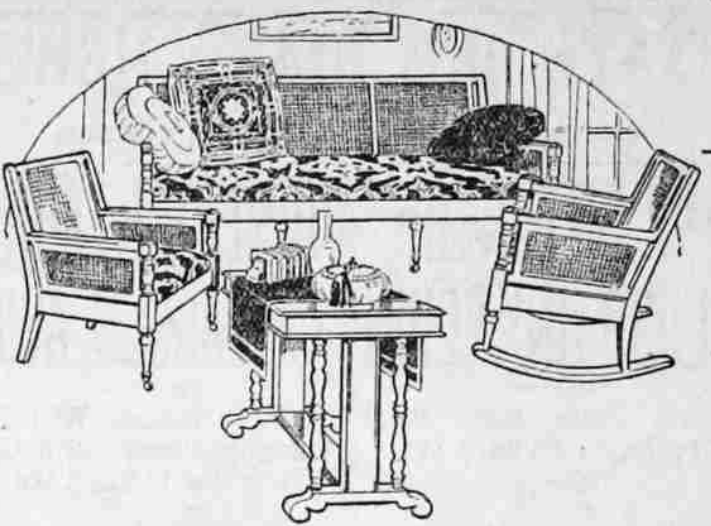
Therefore, hot after publicity, Bill Cochran, chief of the Democratic press bureau, "arranged" an interview for Washington newspaper men with White. "Promptly at 10 o'clock," was the word.

At 10 o'clock the committee rooms were crowded with newspaper men. White was tardy. At 10:15 he was still absent. At 10:30 one man moved a "walk out" vote. Seconded. At 10:30 a "walk-out" was decreed. It was unanimous.

Midsummer and the campaign combined have put Washington in the doldrums. For the first time in six years, Congress wound up its work and got away early. Senators and representatives, one and all, are "back home," up to the ears in politics. Democratic clubs of department and bureau heads, have found mysterious missions taking them out of Washington on junkets, tours of inspection, etc. Some are frankly on vacation. "Society" has departed for seashore resorts or Adirondack camps. The "No-body Home" sign is out everywhere, in public office and private home. A-hum! "Nobody knows and nobody seems to care."

URGE JAIL SENTENCES FOR AUTO "MASHERS"

(By International News Service.) NEW YORK—Jail sentences for automobile "mashers" who lure girls into their cars and hurt many to destruction are demanded by welfare workers and vice suppressors as the only effective means of lessening the evil. City authorities have recognized the "auto nicker" as a pitfall that catches many of the girls who are lured nightly on automobile rides by men who drive their cars along the curb of the White Light district. Arrests of men who "oled" women and then invited them to take motor trips were followed by fines in the courts.



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JUST FOLKS
By Edgar A. Guest

THE THINGS YOU CAN'T FORGET. I used to lose my temper an' git mad an' tear around. An' raise my voice so wimmin folks would tremble at the sound; I'd do things I was ashamed of when the fit or rage had passed. An' wish I hadn't done 'em an' regret 'em to the last. But I've learned from sad experience how useless is regret. For the mean things done in anger are the things you can't forget.

Taint no use to kiss the youngster once your hand has made him cry. You'll recall the time you struck him till the very day you die. He'll forget it an' forgive you an' tomorrow seem the same. But you'll keep the hateful picture of your sorrow an' your shame. An' it's bound to rise to taunt you, though you long have squared the debt.

For the things you've done in meanness are the things you can't forget.

Lord, I sometimes sit an' shudder when some scene comes back to me, Which shows me big an' brutal in some act o' tyranny. When some triflin' thing upsets me an' I let my temper fly. An' was sorry for it after—but it's vain to sit an' sigh. But I'd be a happier old man now my sun begins to set.

If it wasn't for the meanness which I've done an' can't forget.

Now I think I've learned my lesson an' I'm treadin' gentler ways. An' I'm tryin' to build my mornings into happy yesterdays. I don't let things spoil 'em in the way I used to do. An' let some splash of anger smear the record when it's through.

I want my memories pleasant, free from shame or vain regret. Without any deeds of anger which I never can forget.

NEW SCHOOL TEACHES ART OF SPIRITUALISM

(By International News Service.) LONDON—Come and learn how to be a medium. This is the invitation held out, if not in exact terms, in effect by kindly and earnest "believers" all over London. Their "circles" which offer tuition to neophytes are quite different in character from the doubtful sort of seance run professionally for profit. The machinery, however, has many points of similarity. The students are instructed in all the customary rites of spiritualistic intercourse. There are classes for table lifting, spirit rapping, producing voices from trumpets and spirit writing. Advanced students reach their goal eventually when they take lessons in "materializing the dead."

HE LOVED HIS ISABELLE, BUT HIS WORK, AH! IT WAS NICE

DETROIT.—Devotion to duty prevented Nicholas Alexander, cook from taking an hour off to get married. His fiancée, Isabelle M. Sahayaw, applied at the county clerk's office for a marriage license and in response to the clerk's question as to why the bridegroom-to-be had not come, she said Nicholas was too busy. She said further that they had agreed to marry a year ago, but they had a quarrel and Nicholas tore up the license he had taken out. After long and mature deliberation Isabelle came to the conclusion that she had been wrong and that if she did not admit it she ran a good chance of losing Nicholas forever. She went to him in a penitent mood and found him receptive, but on one point he was adamant. He would not leave his work for a minute to get married, and if she wanted to become his wife she had to take out the marriage license, engage a minister and bring him to the kitchen where the ceremony was to be performed. They were married.

EXPLOSIVE CANDY. (By International News Service.) CEDA, RAPIDS, Ia.—Mistaking a torpedo for a bit of candy, Maxine Phillips, three years old, started to eat it. Her face was permanently disfigured.

New York City recently bought a U. S. submarine chaser for one dollar.

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